

Iron County Register.

F. P. AKE, Publisher.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a-Year in Advance.

VOLUME LIII.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1919.

NUMBER 5.

THE Round Robin Senators: "Not that we love peace the less, but hate Wilson the more."

THE Huns last Saturday signed the peace treaty—whining and cursing—but they signed. Now make them powerless to violate it!

If Hughes were President and doing exactly as President Wilson is doing, what would Lodge and Knox and the lesser g. o. p. lights be saying? Eh?

PRESIDENT WILSON has proven himself too big a man for Lodge, Knox, Borah and the other pigmies in the Senate. He has made monkeys of them all.

I THINK—I rather think—the Round Robin Senators have not been made happy in the sounds from home. There'll be some mighty entertaining squirming ere next year's roses fall.

THE President-elect of Brazil, returning from a visit to Portugal, is now in New York. He will proceed from there to Brazil on one of Uncle Sam's warships. The American Republics appear to be getting together in closer relation. A consummation all may devoutly wish.

How can a world peace be established if each nation holds itself aloof from the compact? That has been the condition for ages and not a land has escaped war and devastation. Is not the experiment of a universal League worth the trying? Ask the boys who have done and suffered in behalf of home and country.

WHEN the victorious Huns were in Paris in 1871, how much consideration was shown the French in the terms of peace settlement? And how much time granted them in their signing the treaty? In view of all fact, historical and present, a singular degree of courtesy is being extended the conquered ravishers, looters and murderers now before the Bar of Judgment. Justice demands a speedy ending of the proceedings.

THE Boonville Advertiser makes this most unkind remark: "From our experience with the telephone and telegraph operators, we think the service would be greatly improved if the whole crowd would go on a strike and never come back." But never mind! I bet "Central" will even up with him. She'll have the line "busy" and the wires crossed and make life a burden to him; the "long distance" will worry his busy soul and the "wrong number" break his rest in the dead hours of night. O, he'll get his'n all right enough!

THE State Board of Equalization has raised valuations on all property, to make up the loss in revenue occasioned by Prohibition. The added taxation will bear right heavily upon farmers, business men, and property owners, but the professional reformer goes unscathed. Maybe the people who have been indulging in inaction and have allowed the shouting fanatics and their subservient legislators to "put over" Prohibition regardless of the common will—maybe when the gad pierces too sorely, there will be an awakening. When that awakening comes there'll be lots of trouble for the public servants who disregarded their constituents and gave way before the cry of loud-mouthed "popular" organization. Meantime, my sleeping brethren, we are getting just what is coming to us.

ANOTHER big robbery, attended with slaying and wounding, enlivened the vicinity of Benton, Ill., last Friday. \$43,000 stolen, one of the robbers killed outright, and eight of the pursuing posse more or less seriously wounded. But hush! Let us not abate the ardor of our enterprising bandits through a restoration of the death penalty for murder. Hanging and electrocuting are but a reflex of the savagery that once gripped the earth. What matters the sacrifice of a life here and there—so long as it is not too close to our own threshold? When a burglar sets out in the line of his chosen calling, he goes prepared to kill, if necessary to the completion of his work. Why quell the fire of his courageous soul with the menace of the death penalty? Forbid it, O up-to-date Nambly-Pambyism!

THE President, pursuant to the legal opinion of the Attorney General, refuses to lift the war-time ban on liquor, wine and beer. The law, enacted by a weak, subservient Congress, in response to the dictum of the Prohibition fanatics, declares that the act shall be in force until "the termination of the demobilization of the troops." That demobilization has not yet been

Little Pal o' Mine.

I'm here in France, Little Pal O' Mine, far from thee, and from home,
Far from all that makes life worth while, yet father still, I roam.
It's darkening fast, Little Pal O' Mine, and it's dreary and wet and cold,
And the night-time creeps on a murky sky, as it gathers the world in its fold.
The shadows fall so silently, and deepen one by one,
And daylight, passing, leaves no trail as it follows the setting sun;
The wind blows chill and cuts the flesh with a deep and stinging pain;
It's burdened heavy with cruel mist from weeks and weeks of rain.
The heavy, sodden, low'ring clouds in the drear and darkened sky
Like bounding, tumbling tumble-weeds go rolling and whirling by.
It's a desolate place, this world of war, starved and lank and lean,
Beside a few loud squawking crows, bird folk is never seen.
Even the little rabbits, accustomed to meadows and heath,
Have been starved with war's wild hunger, and trampled by marching feet.
Three years of war's wild waste, of moss and brush and weeds,
Of pathways blocked and yards o'ergrown, and lakelets filled with reeds,
Have made a rack of flower beds, or garden, field or lawn,
And left this land as wild and bleak as Iceland's Christmas dawn.
Rusty entanglements of wire and shell holes now o'ergrown,
Gaunt witness of dripping blood and shattered manhood moan,
Remain to mock strong, virile youth, once groomed and fed for the trench,
In a cruel attempt from German hordes a lasting peace to wrench.
You can watch the van on a busy day as it passes, thousands strong,
There's nothing but khaki, leather and steel, in the stream as it passes along;
Only the cloth of the service, some new, only spattered with mud,
Some old and worn and tattered, and some all covered with blood.
It's a lonely world, Little Pal O' Mine, and the days pass heavy and slow;
Each has its tale of victory, or a tale of suffering woe.
And when evening comes in this land of decay, and darkness settles o'erhead,
It's a lone and cheerless way I take as I seek my lonely bed.
It is in this little hut of mine, and in the ember's glow,
I see again the faces of the dear old friends I know.
I hear their gentle voices in the evening's scurrying breeze,
And my idle fancy takes me to my home across the seas.
I see the one I left behind in that dear spot over there;
I see a pair of wondrous eyes, a wealth of lustrous hair;
I hear again her gentle voice and touch her hand so fine;
I dream then of the happy days I'll know, when she'll be mine.
I'm missing you, Little Pal O' Mine, in this world afar from cheer,
And, as I sit with my lonely thoughts, I wish that you were near.
Those were joyful days, Little Pal O' Mine, a riot of youth and song,
And good times came on each breath of air, and followed each other along.
But there're not in this land where I'm dwelling; no youth, no love, no play
Enhances my waking hours, nor passes dull time away.
My comrades' faces are missing, those voices I cannot hear
'Neath this pagan altar of Mars, in this land so bleak and drear,
And you're gone, too, Little Pal O' Mine, and those joyous days
Are far from this lonely abode of mine, in the days of damp and cold.
But this strife must cease, and I'll return to the land I love once more,
To a spot that's many and many a league from France's blighted shore.
Then joy and happiness will replace the suffering and the pain,
Bright and healthy sunshine replace the sleet and rain.
So now goodnight, and may your dreams be bright and shining gold,
And know that your Little Pal dreams of you in this world of damp and cold.
Goodnight again, Little Pal O' Mine, across the ocean blue;
Goodnight, and may God bless you, is the message I send to you!

MISS ESSIE HART.

accomplished, and the President is powerless in the matter. He says "when demobilization is terminated, my power to act without Congressional action will be exercised." So the burden of the odium of the indefensible continuance of the enactment remains with the Republican Congress. It will be remembered that upon the cessation of the war the President called (May 20, 1919) upon Congress to repeal the law, without avail. Demobilization will be completed in September.

"DURING a little less than twenty years," says the Christian Science Monitor, "the wisdom of protecting birds in the United States has so increasingly impressed itself on the public that, whereas in 1900 only nine states had laws for such protection, there are now only three that have not. The movement grew from convincing evidence that without such laws many of the native birds were steadily diminishing in number; and it is now believed by the United States Biological Survey that they are steadily increasing. Even in the few states that have remained indifferent the bird treaty between the United States and Canada is operative to protect some 537 species of migratory birds. Equally as important as legislation is the growth of public sentiment which helps in enforcing the laws, and the enlistment of countless boys as friends of the birds. Leaving the economic arguments based on the utility of the birds entirely out of it, the movement must have been immensely beneficial to the Nation."

UNDER the heading, "A Sorry Joke," the Post-Dispatch prints the following editorial which must meet with the approbation of all thinking men not gangrened with the fanaticism that for man's good would be willing to deprive him of every attribute that makes him a freeman: "An amendment to the prohibition enforcement act providing that the act would not be effective in any state unless ratified by the people, was first adopted and then rejected. It is said that some members voted for the amendment as a joke. It was afterwards voted down because it might nullify the entire law. Ought not a law to be nullified if a majority of the people are against it? The amendment was a fair recognition of popular rights, but the puritans of the Anti-Saloon League and the hypocrites of Congress do not propose to submit prohibition to a vote of the people. They are afraid. Like all puritan bosses, they insist upon imposing their will on the people. The joke is the prohibition amendment with the prohibition enforcement act, both passed without reference to the people. It is a sorry joke that will end in disaster."

Poison the Potato Beetle.

Why allow the potato beetles to destroy the potatoes? They can be easily controlled by spraying with an arsenical. Every year this pest does an immense amount of damage by eating the leaves of the potatoes and

At Goulding's Park, Ironton, Mo.



4th of July Celebration and Basket Picnic

—GIVEN BY—

Discharged Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Forming Iron County Chapter of the American Legion.

A Big Ball Game

FOLLOWED BY

Military Drill and Field Maneuvers

By all Discharged Soldiers of Iron County. Come, see your Boys Drill, and let us show YOU what WE can do.

Fine Brass Band!

DANCING!

Amusements of All Kinds.

FREE VAUDEVILLE in the Evening. Let Everybody Enjoy a Good Laugh. SPEECHES IN THE AFTERNOON.

Proceeds for Benefit of Iron County Chapter of the American Legion.

Bevo
THE BEVERAGE

The all-year-round soft drink

Popular demand — built Bevo's great plant—the most perfect industrial equipment in the world. Scientifically lighted and ventilated, and provided with every humanitarian device possible for the protection of the health and safety of its thousands of employees. Electrically operated. Capacity 2 million bottles daily.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS

Visitors to St. Louis are invited to inspect this mammoth institution.

thus permitting none or only a few small potatoes to grow.

The beetles emerge from the ground early in the spring and commence feeding and lay their eggs soon after the potatoes are through the ground. These eggs soon hatch and the young grubs feed ravenously. They grow rapidly and unless controlled at this time soon become numerous enough to destroy the potato crop.

This pest may be easily controlled by spraying the potato vines with arsenate of lead in the proportion of 2 pounds of the powdered form (or 3 pounds of the paste) to 50 gallons of water. Mix thoroughly and apply with a good pump throwing a fine spray or mist. Cover all parts of the foliage completely. Begin spraying soon after the potato vines are up or when the beetles first appear and spray as often as is necessary. Do not wait until the beetles have become numerous but kill the first ones which appear in the spring.

Where one has only a few vines to protect and will not need a large amount of material they may mix the poison in the proportion of 2 ounces of the powdered arsenate of lead or 4

ounces of the paste to 3 gallons of water.

If one does not have a spray pump they may poison the beetles by mixing thoroughly 2 rounding tablespoonfuls of dry arsenate of lead with one quart of flour or air slacked lime. Paris Green will do if the arsenate of lead cannot be secured. Place this mixture in a porous flour sack or in a can with nail holes in the lid, sift on potato vines.

Don't delay, kill the beetles now before they have damaged the crop. For leaflet giving directions apply to your County Agent or Home Demonstration Agent.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

—Advertisement.

Self-Denial.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.—John Sterling.

Women Give Out

Housework is hard enough when healthy. Every Ironton woman who is having backache, blue and nervous spells, dizzy headaches and kidney or bladder troubles, should be glad to heed this Ironton woman's experience:

Mrs. Frank Mayes gave the following statement in October, 1911: "Kidney and bladder complaint came on me and I was caused annoyance by the way my kidneys acted. I was unable to stoop or lift on account of the pain in my back. I used different remedies but it remained for Doan's Kidney Pills to give relief. Doan's have my highest endorsement."

A LASTING EFFECT.

On July 15, 1916, Mrs. Mayes said: "The benefit Doan's Kidney Pills gave me has been lasting. I have had no return of kidney trouble since I last recommended them."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Mayes had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.